Evangeline

"Gabriel! be of good cheer!"

EVANGELINE

A TALE OF ACADIE

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

WITH NOTES

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HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born on the 27th of February, 1807, in Portland, Maine.

His father, Stephen Longfellow, a graduate of Harvard College, in the class with Dr. Channing, Judge Story, and other distinguished men, practised his profession of the Law at the Cumberland Bar, where he soon won a prominent position. He also took an active part in politics, and was sent as a Representative to the Massachusetts Legislature, and after the separation represented his State in Congress. He married Zilpah Wadsworth, the beautiful daughter of General Peleg Wadsworth, of a family which traced its ancestry back to John Alden and Priscilla Mullens.

Henry Wadsworth was named after his maternal uncle, a lieutenant in the navy, who perished in the fireship, *Intrepid*, before Tripoli, in 1804. He was second in a family of four sons and four daughters. Their father, says Samuel Longfellow, "was at once kind and strict, bringing up his children in habits of respect and obedience, of unselfishness, the dread of debt, and the faithful performance of duty." According to the same authority the mother was fond of poetry and music, a lover of nature, cheerful even under the trials of chronic invalidism, full of piety, kind to her neighbors, the devoted friend and *confidante* of her children.

Henry was a lively, active boy, impetuous and quick-tempered, but affectionate and placable, sensitive and impressionable. He was fond of singing and dancing, but greatly disliked loud noise and excitement. He was remarkably neat and orderly, "solicitous always to do right," industrious and persevering. He began to go to school when he was three years old. Before he was seven he had studied half-way through the Latin grammar. One of his teachers at the Portland Academy was the famous Jacob Abbott. At home, his father's library gave his hunger for literature sufficient of the best food, — Shakespeare, Miton, Pope, Dryden, Goldsmith, the best poets, essayists, and historians, the "Arabian Nights," "Don Quixote," and Ossian.

The first book to fascinate his imagination was Washington Irving's "Sketch Book." He was a school-boy of twelve when the first number came out; and he long afterwards declared that he read it "with ever increasing wonder and delight, spell-bound by its pleasant humor, its melancholy tenderness, its atmosphere of revery — nay, even by its gray-brown covers, the shaded letters of its titles, and the fair, clear type, which seemed an outward symbol of its style."

Not less poetically nurturing must have been the situation of the old Wadsworth mansion, then on the outskirts of the town, from whose upper windows on the one side Mt. Washington was plainly visible seventy miles away, and on the other the beautiful bay with its unnumbered islands, the majestic bluff of White Head, the frowning walls of Fort Preble, and the lighthouse on the Cape.

His holidays were usually spent on the farm of his grandfather, Judge Longfellow, about three miles from Gorham Corner. His Uncle and Aunt Stephenson and

their children lived on the adjoining farm and gave him pleasant companionship. Sometimes he visited his grandfather Wadsworth who lived on his estate of seven thousand acres in Hiram, between the Saco and Ossipee rivers. Both of his grandfathers dressed in the old-time style of small-clothes and club-tied hair. General Wadsworth years before had even indulged in writing satirical verses. He was a capital story-teller, and had a great fund of personal reminiscences of his Harvard and army days, his capture by the British, and his escape from the fort at Castine. All these things had their effect upon an impressionable mind.

One November day in 1820, the boy, with fear and trembling, slipped a manuscript poem into the letter-box of the Portland *Gazette*. When the semi-weekly next appeared, his verses, signed "HENRY," were printed in the "Poet's Corner." They were in commemoration of a fight with the Indians at a pond not far from Hiram:—

THE BATTLE OF LOVELL'S POND.

Cold, cold is the north-wind, and rude is the blast
That sweeps like a hurricane loudly and fast,
As it moans through the tall, waving pines lone and drear,
Sighs a requiem sad o'er the warrior's bier.

The war-whoop is still, and the savage's yell
Has sunk into silence along the wild dell.
The din of the battle, the tumult is o'er,
And the war-clarion's voice is now heard no more.

The warriors that fought for their country and bled,
Have sunk to their rest; the damp earth is their bed;
No stone tells the place where their ashes repose,
Nor points out the spot from the graves of their foes.

They died in their glory, surrounded by fame,
And Victory's loud trump their death did proclaim.
They are dead ; but they live in each Patriot's breast,
And their names are engraven on honor's bright crest.

Stiff, unmetrical, stilted, unoriginal as these lines were, they gave the boy and the sister who was alone in the secret, unalloyed satisfaction. But soon criticism came to turn joy to tears. Judge Mellen, a neighbor, happened, in the poet's hearing, to condemn them. He escaped from under the whip as speedily as possible, but was not discouraged. Other pieces from his pen appeared from time to time in the *Gazette*. He also wrote a poetic "Address" for the newspaper-carriers' annual presentation.

Before he was fifteen he successfully passed the Bowdoin College entrance examinations, but did not reside at Brunswick till the beginning of the sophomore year. When he and his brother went up together, they lodged in the village in the house where afterwards "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was written. The only ornament of their uncarpeted room was a set of card-racks painted by their sister. They complained of the difficulty of keeping themselves warm; and their mother wrote that she was afraid learning would not flourish or their ideas properly expand in a frosty atmosphere, and, she added, "I fear the Muses will not visit you."

In those days he was described as slight and erect in figure, with a light, delicate complexion like a maiden's, a slight bloom upon his cheeks, "his nose rather prominent, his eyes clear and blue, and his well-formed head covered with a profusion of brown hair waving loosely." The class to which he belonged had several memorable names, not the least distinguished of which was that of Hawthorne. Longfellow held high rank. He was regu-

lar and studious in his habits, though he cared more about general reading than the special curriculum. It is interesting to find him at that early day taking the side of the Indians against the prejudices that have always followed "that reviled and persecuted race." He was greatly delighted with Gray's poems, and regarded Dr. Johnson's criticisms upon them as unjust. In the winter vacation of 1823, he had some thought of teaching a school, but was, on the whole, glad that he had failed to obtain one. His chief exercise was walking. When the snow was deep he cut wood, and he found it rather irksome. As a makeshift for either, he wrote his father, "I have marked out an image upon my closet-door about my own size; and whenever I feel the want of exercise I strip off my coat, and, considering this image as in a posture of defence, make my motions as though in actual combat. This is a very classick amusement, and I have already become quite skilful as a pugilist."

In February, 1824, he made his first visit to Boston, saw all the sights, except the Mill-dam, attended a ball at the house of the beautiful and talented Miss Emily Marshall, enjoyed the Shakespeare Jubilee, and found himself "much pleased with the city itself as well as with the inhabitants."

The most of his vacations, however, he spent at his Portland home. When the college course came to an end he found himself number four in his class. "How I came to get so high, is rather a mystery to me," he wrote, "inasmuch as I have never been a remarkably hard student, touching college studies, except during my Sophomore year, when I used to think that I was studying pretty hard." He chose for his commencement part an oration on the "Life and Writings of Chatterton," but his father

thought that so few of his audience had ever heard of Chatterton he would better take a more popular subject. He accordingly took for his theme "Our Native Writers."

During all his stay at Brunswick he continued to write poetry. Two stanzas of a poem "To Ianthe" are considered by his brother Samuel as alone worthy of preservation from the work of his first year:

When upon the western cloud
Hang day's fading roses,
When the linnet sings aloud,
And the twilight closes,—
As I mark the moss-grown spring
By the twisted holly,
Pensive thoughts of thee shall bring
Love's own melancholy.

Then when tranquil evening throws
Twilight shades above thee,
And when early morning glows,
Think on those that love thee!
For an interval of years
We ere long must sever,
But the hearts that love endears
Shall be parted never.

These early poems, like much imitative verse, bore the impress of deep-settled melancholy. One of his correspondents wrote him that it was an enigma how one so cheerful and laughter-loving should write in such strains. In the fifteenth number of the *United States Gazette*, a fortnightly which had been started in April, 1824, edited by Theophilus Parsons, appeared a poem entitled "Thanksgiving," and signed "H. W. L." During the following year Longfellow contributed sixteen others, five of which were reprinted in "Voices of the Night." He also contributed to the *Gazette* three prose sketches, which showed

the influence of Irving, as the poems showed that of Bryant. Several poems were also incorporated in them, and one of these was afterwards reprinted with his name:

THE ANGLER'S SONG.

From the river's plashy bank,
Where the sedge grows green and rank
  And the twisted woodbine springs,
Upward speeds the morning lark
To its silver cloud — and hark!
  On his way the woodman sings.

Where the embracing ivy holds
Close the hoar elm in its folds,
  In the meadow's fenny land,
And the winding river sweeps
Thro' its shallows and still deeps,
  Silent with my rod I stand.

But when sultry suns are high,
Underneath the oak I lie,
  As it shades the water's edge;
And I mark my line away,
In the wheeling eddy play
  Tangling with the river sedge.

When the eye of evening looks
On green woods and winding brooks,
  And the wind sighs o'er the lea, —
Woods and streams I leave you then,
While the shadows in the glen
  Lengthen by the greenwood tree.

So far not a ray of originality, nor one of those graceful, if not always accurate, comparisons or metaphors which peculiarly mark Longfellow's fancy. The Yankee "woodman" is not a singing being, nor have we "larks" under New England skies. It is interesting to know that the *Gazette* then paid its contributors a dollar a column for prose, and got its poetry for nothing. The editor regarded

Longfellow's, however, as so full of promise — and any flower in the desert has a smiling aspect — that he proposed that the poet should receive some compensation for regular contributions. This, small as it was, seems to have been enough to excite Longfellow's ambition toward a literary career. He brought up objections against the profession of a physician — there were quite enough in the world without him! In another letter to his father he said, "I hardly think Nature designed me for the bar, or the pulpit, or the dissecting-room;" and again, "I cannot make a lawyer of any eminence, because I have not a talent for argument; I am not good enough for a minister; and as to Physic, I utterly and absolutely detest it."

Literature beckoned more enticingly: "The fact is, I most eagerly aspire after future eminence in literature; my whole soul burns most ardently for it, and every earthly thought centres in it. There may be something visionary in *this*, but I flatter myself that I have prudence enough to keep my enthusiasm from defeating its own object by too great haste. Surely, there never was a better opportunity offered for the exertion of literary talent in our own country than is now offered."

His wise father replied with words that are as applicable to-day as they were almost seventy years ago:

"A literary life, to one who has the means of support, must be very pleasant. But there is not wealth enough in this country to afford encouragement and patronage to merely literary men. And as you have not had the fortune (I will not say whether good or ill) to be born rich, you must adopt a profession which will afford you subsistence as well as reputation. I am happy to observe that my ambition has never been to accumulate wealth for my children, but to cultivate their minds in the best possible

manner, and to imbue them with correct moral, political, and religious principles, — believing that a person thus educated will, with proper diligence, be certain of attaining all the wealth which is necessary to happiness."

His father, while believing that it would be best for him to adopt the profession of the law, readily acceded to his desire to spend a year at Cambridge in the pursuit of general literature, and particularly of the modern languages.

The Cambridge plan was suddenly supplanted by another, which led directly in the path of his ambition. The trustees of Bowdoin College, having already a foundation of a thousand dollars given by Madam Bowdoin, determined to establish a Professorship of Modern Languages. One of the Board is said to have been so much struck by Longfellow's translation of an ode of Horace, that he presented the poet's name for the new chair. It was informally proposed that he should visit Europe to fit himself for the position, which on his return would be awaiting him.

Until the suitable time for the voyage he desultorily read law in his father's office, and thus spent the fall and winter of 1825–6. During this period he wrote "The Burial of the Minnisink" and several other poems for the *Gazette* and the *Atlantic Souvenir*. The last poem published in the *Gazette* was a song:

Where from the eye of day,
The dark and silent river
Pursues thro' tangled woods a way,
O'er which the tall trees quiver,

The silver mist that breaks
From out that woodland cover,
Betrays the hidden path it takes,
And hangs the current over.

So oft the thoughts that burst
From hidden streams of feeling,
Like silent streams unseen at first,
From our cold hearts are stealing;

But soon the clouds that veil
The eye of Love when glowing,
Betray the long unwhispered tale
Of thoughts in darkness flowing.

Commonplace and prosy as these lines are, they yet have that homely simplicity which made Longfellow's poems go straight to the popular heart.

Toward the last of April he left his home for New York, where he was to take the packet for Europe. The journey was at that time slow and tedious: by stage to Boston, thence through Northampton to Albany and down the Hudson. Both at Boston and at Northampton he made stops, and was given letters of introduction to persons abroad. While waiting for the sailing of the *Cadmus* he made a short visit to Philadelphia, which he found not half so pleasant as New York. It was during this visit, says his biographer, that strolling through the streets of the city one morning, he came upon the pleasant enclosure of the Pennsylvania Hospital on Spruce Street. He remembered the picture when he came to write "Evangeline."

After an uneventful voyage of thirty days, Longfellow was landed at Havre, which delighted him with its quaintness and oddity. He saw his first cathedral at Rouen, and reached Paris on the nineteenth of June. He travelled by diligence, and found even "the French dust more palatable than that at home." The city at that day was not the splendidly paved, bright and cheerful Queen of cities that it is to-day. Longfellow found it a gloomy place, "built all of yellow stone, streaked and defaced

with smoke and dust, streets narrow and full of black mud which comes up through the pavement . . . no sidewalks; cabriolets, fiacres, and carriages of all kinds driving close to the houses, and spattering or running down whole ranks of foot-passengers, and noise and stench enough to drive a man mad." He liked the public gardens and the boulevards, and soon found himself "settled down into something between a Frenchman and a New Englander,—within all Jonathan, but outwardly a little of a *Parlez-vous*."

Nevertheless, he was greatly disappointed in finding his advantages in the acquirement of French less than he had expected, and in making comparatively slow progress. There was too much temptation to speak English. Most of the people to whom he had letters were absent from town: lectures would not begin till November.

Taking advantage of this excuse, he set out on a pedestrian tour through central France. Like Goldsmith he carried his flute in his knapsack, but was quite disillusionized to find that the peasantry had degenerated since Goldsmith's day. He wanted to get into one of the cottages to study character, and determined, if possible, to get an invitation. Falling in with a party of peasants, he addressed a girl who happened to be walking by his side, told her he had a flute, and asked her if she would like to dance. She replied that she liked to dance, but did not know what a flute was. He returned to Paris, and stayed there till the twenty-first of February. Then he set out for Spain, feeling comparatively satisfied with his knowledge of French, but without sorrow at leaving France. His journey to Madrid was uneventful: he was not even robbed, though the country was infested with hordes of banditti. At Madrid he found Alexander Everett and his family, Washington Irving, then engaged

in writing his Columbus, and one or two other Americans. He took lodgings at a pleasant house in the family of an elderly gentleman, his wife and daughter, a young lady of eighteen, who quickly became quite a sister to him, and made his acquisition of Spanish "a delightful task."

In September, 1827, Longfellow started for Italy, taking thirteen days to go to Seville with which "Paris of the South" he was disappointed. The Guadalquivir reminded him of the Delaware, though more majestic, and flowing through infinitely more fertile banks. He spent nearly a fortnight in Cadiz, and then travelled to Gibraltar on horseback, through a wild and uncultivated region. From there he went by sea to Malaga, where he spent a week; then visited the romantic region of the Moors, spending five days at Granada. In those five days he declared "he lived almost a century."

These eight months in Spain were among the happiest and most romantic of his life, and he never cared to go to Spain again lest the illusion should be destroyed.

At Florence he found the so-called "glassy Arno" "a stream of muddy water almost entirely dry in summer," while the other stock accessories of Italian romance — "boatmen and convent bells, and white-robed nuns and midnight song," were less agreeable in reality than in imagination. But he enjoyed excellent society there, and princesses played "Yankee Doodle" for him and gave him breakfasts. He was disappointed in the Tuscan pronunciation, and stayed only a month.

In February he entered Rome, but in spite of all the gayeties of the Carnival he pursued his studies. At first he intended to cut short his visit to Rome, but delayed by the failure to receive a remittance, he caught the Roman fever and was seriously ill. The result was that he spent

nearly a little more than a year in Italy. While still in Rome he received word that the anticipated appointment as Professor of Modern Languages had been refused him on the score of his youth. The disappointment was all the more cruel because he felt that he had honestly earned the place. He had become so conversant with French and Spanish as to speak them correctly and write them with the ease and fluency of his native tongue. Portuguese he read with ease, and at the Italian hotels he was frequently taken for an Italian.

Longfellow spent a month in Dresden; but social advantages and amusements prevented more serious studies, and as his friend Preble was at Göttingen, he determined to go there and study during as much of a year as possible. In the spring of 1829 he ran over to England, spent a few days in London, and returned through Holland. The Rhine he thought a noble river, but not so fine as the Hudson. The old castle of Vautsberg, near Bingen, especially delighted him, and here he afterwards located some of the scenes of the "Golden Legend."

He thought the advantages for a student very great at Göttingen, but he was reluctantly obliged to cut short his stay; and after a few days spent in Paris, London, Oxford, and other English towns, he sailed from Liverpool, and reached New York on August 11, 1829.

Soon after his return he was appointed to the professorship at Bowdoin, at a salary of eight hundred dollars, which was enlarged to nine hundred dollars by the additional office of librarian. He immediately took up his duties and fulfilled them to general satisfaction. He translated a French Grammar and prepared several other text-books. His first recitation took place before breakfast, at six in the morning. At eleven he listened to the

juniors in Spanish. His library duties occupied the noon hour, and the last recitation of the day came at five. He also, during his second year, prepared a course of lectures on French, Spanish, and Italian literature. Poetry was for the present in abeyance; but he soon began to contribute to the *North American Review*, then edited by Alexander Everett. In the course of the next ten years nearly a dozen articles on various literary subjects connected with his studies appeared. Most of them were illustrated with metrical translations from various languages. It is safe to say that few poets ever excelled him in this difficult art.

In September, 1831, Longfellow was married to Mary Storer Potter, second daughter of Judge Barrett Potter of Portland. She was a beautiful young woman, and their marriage was very happy. Just a year later, he delivered the poem for the Bowdoin chapter of the Φ.B.K. Society, and was asked to repeat it at Cambridge. This was his first original poem in eight years. His first book was the "Coplas of Don Jorge Manrique," preceded by an essay on the Moral and Devotional poetry of Spain, and supplemented by half a dozen sonnets from the Spanish.

He also published parts of "Outre-Mer" in pamphlet form. After he had been in Brunswick three years he began to yearn for wider fields. Several openings were suggested which brought no result. But early in December, 1834, he was offered the Smith professorship of modern languages at Harvard, with a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year and the privilege of residing in Europe for a year or eighteen months for more perfect preparation in German. He accepted this "good fortune," as he called it, and in April, 1835, sailed with his wife for Europe. In England

he enjoyed friendly acquaintances with Sir John Bowring, the Lockharts, the Carlyles, and others; in Sweden he studied the language, which he found "soft and musical, with an accent like Lowland Scotch." He also took lessons in Finnish, and laid the foundation for his acquaintance with the great Finnish epic, the "Kalevala," the rhythm and style of which he afterwards copied in "Hiawatha." The results of his stay in Stockholm are seen in his beautiful translations from Bishop Tegnèr.

In Copenhagen he took lessons in Danish, and was made a member of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquities. During a month's enforced stay in Amsterdam he studied Dutch, which he found "in sound the most disagreeable" he remembered having heard except the Russian. His wife was in failing health: she died on the twenty-ninth of November, 1835. Longfellow travelled sadly to Heidelberg, where he found charming companionship, and, as he says of the hero of "Hyperion," "buried himself in books, in old dusty books." While here his brother-in-law and friend, George W. Pierce, died.

> "He the young and strong who cherished
> Noble longings for the strife,
> By the road-side fell and perished,
> Weary with the march of life."

In these sorrows his "higher and nobler motive of action" which enabled him for the moment to forget what he called "the tooth of the destroyer," was, as he wrote to his friend Greene, "the love of what is intellectual and beautiful; the love of literature; the love of high con. verse with the minds of the great and good." During this time he translated Salis's "Song of the Silent Land." At the end of the following June, Longfellow

left the nightingales of the Neckar and made a pleasant tour through Switzerland. Many of his experiences he wove into "Hyperion," which shows also the influence of Richter. His philosophy after all was not able wholly to take to heart the inscription to the high-noble-born Herr Tinzen Kayetan von Sonnenberg:

"Look not mournfully into the past; it comes not back again: wisely improve the present, it is thine; go forth to meet the shadowy Future without fear and with a manly heart." He wrote in his note-book: "Oh, what a solitary, lonely being I am! Every hour my heart aches." Chillon he found the most delightful prison he was ever in, and thought Byron's description overcharged. The Alps he characteristically called "great apostles of nature, whose sermons are avalanches and whose voice is that of one crying in the wilderness." From Geneva he went with the Motleys of Boston to Interlaken, where they found the Appletons established. This was a memorable period, fraught with weighty consequences. The young ladies of the family were very beautiful and intellectual. He wrote in his diary:

"Since I have joined these two families from America, the time passes pleasantly. I now for the first time enjoy Switzerland."

At Zurich, where the party went, he translated Uhland's ballad "Hast du das Schloss gesehen," and wrote an impromptu on the exorbitant charges of the Hôtel du Corbeau:

Beware of the Raven of Zurich,
'T is a bird of omen ill;
A noisy and an unclean bird
With a very, very long bill.

In December, 1836, Longfellow took up his residence at Cambridge, and prepared for the duties of his professorship by laying our courses of lectures, making acquaintances, and getting settled. Though he was somewhat criticised for his fondness for colored coats, waistcoats, and cravats, he soon won many delightful friends. He wrote his father after his first five months of Cambridge life that he spent at least half his evenings in society — "it being almost impossible to avoid it."

His first lecture did not begin till the last of May. He prepared a course of twelve on the various languages and literature of northern and southern Europe. They were a success from the beginning.

On a beautiful summer afternoon in 1837 the young professor went to call upon a law-student, who occupied the south-eastern chamber in the Vassall or Craigie house, on Brattle Street. Longfellow subsequently occupied the same room and the one adjoining, tho' at first the eccentric Madam Cragie, thinking him a student, declined to take him as a lodger. She changed her mind when she learned that he was the author of "Outre-Mer."

In this room, it is said, he composed all his poems between 1837 and 1845 and the romance of "Hyperion." The first poem was the one entitled "Flowers," the allusion in the first verse being suggested by the German Carové. The next was the "Psalm of Life," which his brother says was written one bright summer morning on the blank leaf of an invitation.

Longfellow's college work consisted of one oral lecture a week throughout the year, two extra lectures a week on belles-lettres in the summer, and superintendence of the four or more subordinate instructors. The translations from Dante in the present volume were taken from the

interleaved copy which he used for his classes and which he filled with notes.

Shortly after he wrote "The Psalm of Life" he thus described his own course of life:

"I live in a great house which looks like an Italian villa; have two large rooms opening into each other. They were once General Washington's chambers. I breakfast at seven on tea and toast, and dine at five or six, generally in Boston. In the evening I walk on the Common with Hillard or alone; then go back to Cambridge on foot. If not very late, I sit an hour with Felton or Sparks. For nearly two years I have not studied at night save now and then. Most of the time am alone; smoke a good deal; wear a broad-brimmed black hat, black frock coat, a black cane. Molest no one. Dine out frequently. In winter go much into Boston society. The last year have written a great deal, enough to make volumes. Have not read much. Have a number of literary plans and projects . . . I do not like this sedentary life. I want action. I want to travel. Am too excited, too tumultuous inwardly."

The note of discontent with his position at Cambridge thus struck was characteristic of his letters and diary, all the time that he held it.

"I am in despair," he wrote in October, 1846, at the swift flight of time and the utter impossibility I feel to lay hold upon anything permanent. All my hours and days go to perishable things. College takes half the time; and other people with their interminable letters and poems and requests and demands take the rest. I have hardly a moment to think of my own writings, and am cheated of some of the fairest hours. This is the extreme of folly; and if I knew a man far off in some

foreign land, doing as I do here, I should say he was mad."

One of his projects was to found a literary newspaper either in Boston or New York, but it never materialized. Occasionally he struck off a poem. "It would seem," he said, after finishing "The Reaper and the Flowers" without any effort of his own, "It would seem as if thoughts, like children, have their periods of gestation, and then are born whether we will or not."

In 1839 appeared "Hyperion," in two volumes, and a little later, in the autumn, the first volume of his poems — "Voices of the Night." The following year he meditated an epic on the "Newport Round Tower" and the "Skeleton in Armor." The mountain brought forth a mouse. He was, however, at this time tormented with dyspepsia, which he confessed in his diary made him listless and irritable. He also suffered from tooth-ache, and wrote his father that for three months he had not been free from it a day. He also planned a history of English Poetry, a volume of studies or sketches, after the manner of Claude Lorraine, a novel to be entitled "Count Cagliostro" and an Epic — the saga of Hakon Jarl; but none of them was ever accomplished. There is an interesting entry in his diary under date December 17, 1839: "News of shipwrecks horrible on the coast. Twenty bodies washed ashore near Gloucester, one lashed to a piece of the wreck. There is a reef called Norman's Woe where many of these took place; among others the schooner *Hesperus* . . . I must write a ballad upon this."

About a fortnight later he writes: "I sat last evening till twelve o'clock by my fire, smoking, when suddenly it came into my mind to write the Ballad of the Schooner

Hesperus, which I accordingly did. Then I went to bed, but could not sleep. New thoughts were running in my mind, and I got up to add them to the ballad. It was three by the clock. I then went to bed and fell asleep. I feel pleased with the ballad. It hardly cost me an effort. It did not come into my mind by lines but by stanzas."

The volume of poems was a great success: in three weeks, less than fifty copies were left from an edition of nine hundred; but the publisher of "Hyperion" failed, and half of the edition was seized for debts. It was generally well received by the critics, though it met with some tremendous attacks. Longfellow wrote that the feelings of the book were true, the events of the story mostly fictitious.

While lecturing on Spanish literature the following year, the idea of "The Spanish Student" occurred to him, and he immediately carried it out, though he did not publish it for some time. Writing to his father in October he says: "My pen has not been very prolific of late; only a little poetry has trickled from it. There will be a kind of a ballad on a blacksmith in the next *Knickerbocker*, which you may consider, if you please, was a song in praise of your ancestor at Newbury." "Excelsior," which deserves its popularity in spite of its manifest absurdity, was suggested by the seal of the state of New York, which is a shield with a rising sun and the indefensible Latin motto. Of course the significance of the poem is its life, — the ideal soul, regardless of caution, and prudence, unmoved by affectionate pleading, woman's love, or formal religion, strains for the highest goal, and, dying in the effort, mounts to the skies.

Longfellow's volume of "Ballads and other Poems"

was published in December, 1841, and six months later he was on his way to Europe for the third time. He spent the summer at the baths at Marienbad. On his way he stopped at Bruges, which inspired him to write the poems on the Belfry. In his diary under date of May 30 he writes: "The chimes seemed to be ringing incessantly, and the air of repose and antiquity was delightful. . . . O those chimes, those chimes! how deliciously they lull one to sleep! The little bells, with their clear liquid notes, like the voices of boys in a choir, and the solemn base of the great bell tolling in, like the voice of a friar?"

While at Marienbad he partially laid out his plan for his "Christus" drama which had occurred to him suddenly some months before, but which was not completed till 1873. The only verse that he wrote there was a sonnet entitled "Mezzo Cammin." It ends irregularly with an Alexandrine line.

Half of my life is gone, and I have let
The years slip from me, and have not fulfilled
The aspiration of my youth to build
Some tower of song with lofty parapet.
Not indolence, nor pleasure, nor the fret
Of restless passions that would not be stilled;
But sorrow, and a care that almost killed,
Kept me from what I may accomplish yet;

Tho' half-way up the hill, I see the Past
Lying beneath me with its sounds and sights, —
A city in the twilight dim and vast,
With smoking roofs, soft bells and gleaming lights, —
And hear above me on the autumnal blast
The cataract of death far thundering from the height.

During a brief stay in England he visited Charles Dickens for a fortnight, and had a delightful time, the famous raven doing his share of the entertainment. On his return

to America he published, in a pamphlet of thirty pages a collection of poems on Slavery, which he wrote in pencil while "cribbed, cabined, and confined" to his berth by stormy weather on the return voyage. His views regarding slavery were expressed in a letter to his friend, George Lunt, who had criticised the poems as expressive of a weary attitude:

"I believe slavery to be an unrighteous institution, based on the false maxim that Might makes Right.

"I have great faith in doing what is righteous, and fear no evil consequences.

"I believe that every one has a perfect right to express his opinion on the subject of slavery as on every other thing; that every one ought so to do, until the public opinion of all Christendom shall penetrate into and change the hearts of the Southerners on this subject.

"I would have no other interference than what is sanctioned by law.

"I believe that where there is a will, there is a way. When the whole country sincerely wishes to get rid of slavery, it will readily find the means.

"Let us, therefore, do all we can to bring about this *will* in all gentleness and Christian charity.

"And God speed the time."

Of course such an attitude was not radical enough to suit the abolitionists; and Longfellow, standing as it were between the two parties, was blamed by both. Yet Whittier wrote to him asking him to accept a nomination to Congress on the ticket of the Liberty party. "Our friends think they could throw for thee one thousand more votes than for any other man." He declined, on the ground that he was not qualified for such a position, and moreover did not belong to that party.

In July, 1843, Longfellow was married to Miss Frances Elizabeth Appleton, in whose company he had enjoyed so much when in Switzerland six years before. During their wedding journey they visited Mrs. Longfellow's relatives, who lived in "the old-fashioned country-seat" at Pittsfield, where stood "the old clock upon the stairs" suggesting its refrain of "Never-Forever." On this journey they passed through Springfield; and in company with Mr. Charles Sumner they visited the Arsenal, where Mrs. Longfellow remarked the resemblance of the gun-barrels to an organ, and suggested what mournful music Death would bring from them. "We grew quite warlike against war," she wrote, "and I urged H. to write a peace poem." He used her beautiful though not perfect comparison in the poem entitled "The Arsenal at Springfield," which grew out of her suggestion.

Shortly after their return to Cambridge, Longfellow accepted a proposal to edit a work on the Poets and Poetry of Europe. It contained specimens from nearly four hundred poets, translated by various hands. Mrs. Longfellow served as her husband's amanuensis, as severe trouble with his eyes, requiring the aid of an oculist, had disabled him. The biographical sketches were mainly prepared by Cornelius Felton, who shared the honorarium. He also purchased the old mansion where he had roomed so long, and which became his home for the rest of his life.

In the first fortnight of October, 1845, he notes in his diary the completion of the poems "To a Child," "To an Old Danish Song-book," "The Bridge Over the Charles," and "The Occultation of Orion." On the thirtieth he completed the sonnet "Hesperus," or as he afterwards called it, "The Evening Star," remarked as being the only

love-poem in all Longfellow's verse. It was composed in "the rustic seat of the old apple-tree." He also notes in his diary the difference "between his ideal home-world of poetry and the outer actual, tangible prose world." The routine of teaching galled him. "When I go out of the precincts of my study," he wrote, "down the village street to college, how the scaffoldings about the palace of song come rattling and clattering down."

Still it may be doubted whether a state of absolute leisure would have been more satisfactory to him. Very likely the lark may say in his heart, "How I would fly if it were not for the air that clogs my wings!" The following month Longfellow notes the coming into the world of his second boy and his fourth volume of poems, "The Belfry of Bruges." A few days later he had begun his "idyl in hexameters," the name of which he was in a quandary about: "Shall it be 'Gabrielle,' or 'Célestine,' or 'Evangeline'?"

In his diary he sets down an impromptu verse which came to him as he lay awake at night listening to the rain:

Pleasant it is to hear the sound of the rattling rain upon the roof,
Ceaselessly falling through the night from the clouds that pass so far aloof;
Pleasant it is to hear the sound of the village clock that strikes the hour,
Dropping its notes like drops of rain from the darksome belfry tower.

Of an attack upon his poems by the novelist Simms, he wrote: "I consider this the most original and inventive of all his fictions." A "furious onslaught," by Margaret Fuller, he characterizes as "a bilious attack." Later in his diary we come across mention of "a delicious drive,"

through Brookline, by the church and "the green lane," where was laid the scene of the poem, "A Gleam of Sunshine," and "a delicious drive" through Malden and Lynn to Marblehead to the "Devereaux Farm, near the sea-side," which gave rise to "The Fire of Drift-wood." The following year (1847) was marked by the completion and publication of "Evangeline," a story which the rector of a South Boston church had vainly tried to induce Hawthorne to take up. Longfellow at dinner with the two said to Hawthorne, "If you really do not want this incident for a tale, let me have it for a poem." It is interesting to know that he had never visited the region of Grand-Pré. The meter of the poem brought upon him much criticism, and the question is not yet settled whether the so-called classic hexameter can be naturalized in English. There are lines in "Evangeline" which prove that it can, as for instance:

"Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance."

There are others (as in all long poems), which show faulty workmanship. But compare the song of the Mocking-bird (II. 2) with the same translated by the poet as an experiment into what he calls "the common rhymed English pentameter." Here are the two passages, and no critic could hesitate where to award the palm of superiority:

Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.

Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then soaring to madness
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation;
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.

Upon a spray that overhung the stream,
The mocking-bird, awaking from his dream,
Poured such delirious music from his throat
That all the air seemed listening to his note.
Plaintive, at first, the song began, and slow,
It breathed of sadness, and of pain and woe;
Then, gathering all his notes, abroad he flung
The multitudinous music from his tongue,
As after showers, a sudden gust again
Upon the leaves shakes down the rattling rain.

He notes in his diary some pendants to Schiller's poetic characterization of the classic meters:

I.

In Hexameter plunges the headlong cataract downward;
In Pentameter up whirls the eddying mist.

II.

In Hexameter rolls sonorous the peal of the organ;
In Pentameter soft rises the chant of the choir.

III.

In Hexameter gallops delighted a beggar on horseback;
In Pentameter whack! tumbles he off his steed.

IV.

In Hexameter sings serenely a Harvard professor;
In Pentameter him damns censorious Poe.

The day after this exercise he enters a little French poem which he calls the epigram of a former young man on approaching his fortieth birthday:

"*Sous le firmament*
Tout n'est que changement,
Tout passe"
Le cantique le dit,
Il est ainsi écrit,
Il est sans contredit,
Tout passe.

O douce vie humaine!
O temps qui nous entraine!
Destinée souveraine!
Moi qui, poète rêveur,
Ne fut jamais friseur,
Je frise, — O quelle horreur!
La quarantaine!

On the occasion of the completion of "The Conquest of Peru" Prescott invited Longfellow and a number of other authors; and some one, probably Longfellow himself, declared that nothing could be more appropriate than to invite the *Inkers* on such an occasion.

Occasionally Longfellow made a poetic entry in his diary.

Such is the blank-verse description of the tides composed one day during his August vacation while at Portland:

Oh faithful, indefatigable tides,
That evermore upon God's errands go, —
Now seaward bearing tidings of the land,
Now landward bearing tidings of the sea, —

And filling every frith and estuary,
Each arm of the great sea, each little creek,
Each thread and filament of water-courses,
Full with your ministrations of delight!
Under the rafters of this wooden bridge
I see you come and go: sometimes in haste
To reach your journey's end, which, being done,
With feet unrested ye return again
And recommence the never-ending task;
Patient, whatever burdens ye may bear,
And fretted only by the impeding rocks."

At first there was some delay in getting "Evangeline" published, but at last, towards the end of October, it came out; and he records that he had received "greater and warmer commendations than on any previous volume. The public takes more kindly to Hexameters than I could have imagined." In six months six thousand copies were sold.

In February, 1848, he chronicles this horrible pun: "What is *autobi*-ography? What biography ought to be!"

In October he was asked to write an ode for the occasion of the introduction of Cochituate water into Boston. He disliked writing occasional verses. Lowell was the odist. Longfellow contented himself with an epigram in his diary:

Cochituate water, it is said, —
Tho' introduced in pipes of lead,
Will not prove deleterious;
But if the stream of Helicon
Thro' leaden pipes be made to run
The effect is very serious.

"Evangeline" was scarcely off his hands before he began his third prose romance, "Kavanagh;" but after it was

finished he declared that he had never hesitated so much about any of his books except the first hexameters, "The Children of the Lord's Supper."

It was published on the 12th of May, 1849. Mr. Emerson wrote that it seemed to him the best sketch which he had as yet seen in the direction of the American novel. Hawthorne called it a "most precious and rare book; as fragrant as a bunch of flowers, and as simple as one flower. A true picture of life, moreover."

In November he finished the last proof corrections of his "Fireside and Seaside," and confided to his journal his yearning to try a loftier strain, the sublimer song, whose broken melodies "had for so many years breathed through his soul in the better hours of life."

By October, 1850, Longfellow was so weary of his routine of his professorship that he seriously thought of resigning it; more than once he wrote that he was "pawing to get free his hinder parts." He said: "If I wish to do anything in literature it must be done now. Few men have written good poetry after fifty."

"The Golden Legend" was published in 1851, and the first edition of thirty-five hundred copies was almost immediately exhausted.

His time is shown by his diary to have been filled with all sorts of calls and demands; some of them most delightful, such as visits from notabilities, dinners with his fascinating circle of friends, concerts; others not so pleasant: foreigners wishing places and help, requests for autographs — one day he mentions sending off twenty-seven, another, seventy-six — and hundreds of petty annoyances, the penalties of wealth and growing fame.

On the 5th of June, 1854, he mentions his delight at the "Kalevala." A little more than a fortnight later he

writes that he has at last hit upon a plan for a poem on the American Indians; the meter also immediately settled itself. At first he thought of calling it "Manabôzho." On the 26th, having looked over Schoolcraft's "huge, ill-digested quartos," he wrote some of the first lines of "Hiawatha." Having at last resigned from his professorship, he had more leisure to work at it; and though he still had interruptions he had finished the last canto at noon of March 21, 1855. A few days later, pierced through with pain from what he calls the "steel arrows of the west wind," as he lay in bed a poem came into his mind, — "A Memory of Portland, my Native Town, the City by the Sea." As a refrain for the poem he used two lines from an old Lapland song:

> "A boy's will is the wind's will,
> And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

The first edition of "Hiawatha" was five thousand, and this was immediately followed by a second of three thousand. By the end of two years it had reached a sale of fifty thousand. Bayard Taylor wrote, congratulating him on his success in a subject so beset with difficulties. "It will be parodied," he wrote, "perhaps ridiculed, in many quarters; but it will live after the Indian race has vanished from our continent, and there will be no parodies then."

Parodies are implicit compliments, and "Hiawatha" enjoyed this distinction.

Of course, he was immediately charged with having borrowed, not only the meter, but the incidents, from the "Kalevala." He wrote to Sumner that the charge was "truly one of the greatest literary outrages" he had ever

heard of. He added, "I can give chapter and verse for these legends. Their chief value is that they are Indian legends. I know the "Kalevala" very well; and that some of its legends *resemble* the Indian stories preserved by Schoolcraft is very true. But the idea of making me responsible for that is too ludicrous."

In 1856 he planned to go to Europe with friends, but unfortunately struck his knee getting into a carriage, and was laid up with the resulting lameness. It was at the same time that his dear friend Sumner was suffering from the brutal attack of Brooks. So he went to his Nahant house, and enjoyed the commotion of the sea, chafing and foaming.

"So from the bosom of darkness our days come roaring
and gleaming,
Chafe and break into foam, sink into darkness again,
But on the shores of Time each leaves some trace of its
passage,
Tho' the succeeding wave washes it out from the sand."

On the second of December, the following year, he began his Puritan pastoral, "The Courtship of Miles Standish," which he had before tried to throw into the form of a drama, but without success. The first edition consisted of ten thousand copies. He at first called it "Priscilla." This same year the *Atlantic Monthly* was established with Lowell, Longfellow's successor as Smith Professor, in the editorial chair. Many of Longfellow's most beautiful poems appeared in it.

On the ninth of July, 1861, Mrs. Longfellow was sitting in the library with her two little girls, sealing up some small packages of their shorn curls. A lighted match, fallen on the floor, set her dress on fire. She died the next morning from the effect of the shock, and was buried three days later, on the anniversary of her marriage day. Longfellow

himself was so severely burned that he was unable to be present at the funeral. Months afterwards, when some visitor expressed the hope that he might be enabled to "bear his cross" with patience, he exclaimed, "*Bear* the cross, yes; but what if one is stretched upon it!"

Just as Bryant in his great sorrow, a similar sorrow, devoted his energies to translating Homer, so Longfellow took up the task of translating Dante, which he had also begun years before. The first volume was printed in time to commemorate the sixth hundredth anniversary of Dante's birth. The King of Italy, in token of his high esteem, then conferred upon him the diploma and cross of the Order of Saints Maurizio and Lazzaro; but Longfellow declined the honor. Writing to Sumner, he declared that he "did not think it appropriate for a Republican and a Protestant to receive a Catholic order of knighthood." It was not completed till 1866, though for a time he translated a canto a day. Meantime he published (in 1863) the "Tales of a Wayside Inn," which he at first thought to call "Sudbury Tales." The first edition was fifteen thousand copies. The characters represented as present at the Red Horse Inn were T. W. Parsons, Luigi Monti, Professor Treadwell (of Harvard), Ole Bull, and Henry Ware Wales. The first three were in the habit of spending their summers at Sudbury, which is about twenty miles from Boston. Longfellow drew the subjects of the tales from various sources. "The birds of Killingworth" is supposed to be the only one of his own invention. The business of publishing the volume was rendered distressing by the necessity of going to Washington to bring back his oldest son Charles, a lieutenant of cavalry who had been severely, though, it proved, not fatally, shot through both shoulders at Antietam.

In February, 1868, Longfellow wrote two tragedies,—one on the persecution of the Quakers, which he had written and printed in rare form, and the other on the Salem witchcraft. In May, with a large circle of family friends, he made his last visit to Europe. He spent some time in England, and at Eden Hall saw the famous goblet "still entirely unshattered," in spite of Uhland's poem, which he had translated so many years before. At Cambridge he was publicly admitted as Doctor of Laws, a degree which he already bore by courtesy of Harvard University. He wrote to Mrs. J. T. Fields: "I swooped down to Cambridge, where I had a scarlet gown put on me, and the students shouted, 'Three cheers for the red man of the West.'"

He was invited to spend the day with the Queen at Windsor Castle, and all England vied in showering attentions upon him. He wrote that he had been almost killed with kindness, and had seen almost everybody whom he most cared to see. He travelled through France, and spent the winter at Rome, where, among other enjoyments, he frequently heard Liszt play on his Chickering pianoforte. Returning through Germany and Switzerland, he stayed long enough in England to receive the degree of D.C.L. at Oxford, and to visit Devonshire, the Scottish Lakes, and the regions sacred to Burns. By the first of September, 1869, he was once more at his desk, "under the evening lamp."

It would occupy too much space to enumerate all the names of even the most celebrated of the visitors who were drawn to Craigie House by the fame of its occupant. On one day his diary records visits from fourteen people, thirteen of them Englishmen. In January, 1870, he began a second series of the "Tales of a Wayside Inn,"

In May he prepared a supplement to the "Poets and Poetry of Europe." In November he was writing "The Divine Tragedy," which had taken entire possession of him. It was published in December, 1871. "Judas Maccabæus," which had occurred to him as a possible subject twenty years before, was written in eleven days. The next year came "Michel Angelo," completed in sixteen days, though constantly changed and enlarged and left unpublished. "Aftermath," containing the third of the Sudbury days, and a number of lyrics, came out in 1873. The following January he finished "The Hanging of the Crane," for which the *New York Ledger* paid him $3,000; it was afterwards included in "The Masque of Pandora." In July, 1875, occurred the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation, and he wrote for the occasion his *Morituri Salutamus*. In 1877 he received $1,000 for his "Keramos," the spur to which may have been given by his memory of an old Pottery which used to stand near Deering's Woods at Portland.

Just before he reached his seventy-second birthday he called a friend's attention to the mysterious significant part which the number eighteen had played in his life. "I was eighteen years old when I took my college degree; eighteen years afterward, I was married for the second time; I lived with my wife eighteen years, and it is eighteen years since she died. . . . And then, by way of parenthesis or epicycle, I was eighteen years professor in the college here, and I have published eighteen separate volumes of poems."

During these last years he was engaged in preparing his "Poems of Places," which he called a "poetic guide-book." More than once the author of this sketch saw him at the University Press superintending the proofs.

The last volume which Longfellow himself published was "Ultima Thule," which contained his verses in memory of Burns. His last verses were written on the fifteenth of March, 1882. They were touching and significant, like Tennyson's and Whittier's:

> O Bells of San Blas, in vain
> Ye call back the past again,
> The past is dead to your prayer.
> Out of the shadow of night
> The world rolls into light;—
> It is daybreak everywhere.

He had not been very well for some little time; in fact, not since "a strange and sudden seizure" which befell him in July, 1873, and which almost deprived him of the use of his right hand and arm. On the eighteenth of March he took a chill, was seized with peritonitis, and died on the afternoon of Friday, the twenty-fourth.

In regard to his work the words which Motley quoted in a letter to Longfellow in 1856 were appropriate to the last:

"I heard a brother poet of yours, for whom I hope you have as much regard as I have, say the other day that you had not only written no line which dying you would wish to blot, but not one which living you had not a right to be proud of."

Pure as crystal are all his works. His life was likewise lofty and blameless, sweet and unselfish. The greatest tribute came to him from the spontaneous love of the children of his native land. Next to that the love and admiration of his friends; and not least the marble image which enshrines his memory in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey.

May this simple memorial be a single leaf contributed by the son of one of his Brunswick pupils, to whom also more than once he showed that unfailing courtesy which made his life a perpetual benediction.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

EVANGELINE,

A TALE OF ACADIE.

1847.

EVANGELINE.

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it

Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the wood-land the voice of the huntsman?

Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers, —

Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,

Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven?

Waste are those pleasant farms and the farmers forever departed!

Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October

Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.

Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest;
List to a tale of love in Acadie, home of the happy.

PART THE FIRST.

PART THE FIRST.

I.

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-gates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.

West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields

Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward

Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains

Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic

Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.

There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.

Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of chestnut,

Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.

Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and gables projecting

Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.

There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.

Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers, —
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;

There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived
in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the
Basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of
Grand-Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, direct-
ing his household,
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride
of the village.
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of
seventy winters;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered
with snow-flakes;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks
as brown as the oak leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen
summers.

Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on
the thorn by the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the
brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that
feed in the meadows.
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers
at noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was
the maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the
bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest
with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings
upon them,
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet
of beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue,
and the ear-rings,

Brought in the olden time from France, and since,
as an heirloom,
Handed down from mother to child, through long
generations.
But a celestial brightness — a more ethereal
beauty —
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when,
after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's bene-
diction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing
of exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of
the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea;
and a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine
wreathing around it.

Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a footpath
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the roadside,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.
Shielding the house from storms on the north, were the barns and the farmyard.
There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique ploughs and the harrows;
There were the folds for the sheep; and there in his feathered seraglio,

Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the selfsame
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a staircase,
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.
There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates,
Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant breezes
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pré

Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.

Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,

Fixed his eyes upon her, as the saint of his deepest devotion;

Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment!

Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,

And as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,

Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron;

Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,

Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered

Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.

But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome;

Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,

Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men;

For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,

Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.

Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood

Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Felician,

Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters

Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church and the plain-song.

But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,

Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.

There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him

Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,

Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel

Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.

Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness,

Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and crevice,

Warm by the forge within they watched the laboring bellows,

And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes,

Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the chapel.

Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle,

Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow.

Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters,

Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone which the swallow

Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings;

Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow!

Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children.

He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning,

Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action.

She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.

"Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" was she called; for that was the sunshine
Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples;
She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance,
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

II.

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow colder and longer,
And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.
Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air from the ice-bound,
Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.
Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the winds of September
Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel.
All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.
Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey

Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters asserted

Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.

Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season,

Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints!

Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape

Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.

Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean

Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.

Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farmyards,

Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,

All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around him;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest
flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.
Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the homestead
Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,

And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening.

Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,

Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from her collar,

Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.

Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the seaside,

Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them followed the watch-dog,

Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,

Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly

Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers;

Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept; their protector,

When from the forest at night, through the starry
silence, the wolves howled.

Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains
from the marshes,

Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its
odor.

Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their
manes and their fetlocks,

While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and
ponderous saddles,

Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with
tassels of crimson,

Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy
with blossoms.

Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded
their udders

Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in
regular cadence

Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets
descended.

Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard
in the farmyard,
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into
stillness;
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of
the barn-doors,
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was
silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace
idly the farmer
Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames
and the smoke-wreaths
Struggled together like foes in a burning city.
Behind him,
Nodding and mocking along the wall with ges
tures fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away
into darkness.

Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair,

Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on the dresser

Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.

Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,

Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him

Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards.

Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,

Spinning flax for the loom that stood in the corner behind her.

Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,

While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a bagpipe,

Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments together.

As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases,

Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar,

So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly lifted,

Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges.

Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the blacksmith,

And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him.

"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps paused on the threshold,

"Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place on the settle
Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without thee;
Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco;
Never so much thyself art thou as when through the curling
Smoke of the pipe or the forge thy friendly and jovial face gleams
Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of the marshes."
Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the blacksmith,
Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside: —
"Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy ballad!
Ever in cheerfulest mood art thou, when others are filled with

Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.

Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe."

Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline brought him,

And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly continued: —

"Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors

Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon pointed against us.

What their design may be is unknown; but all are commanded

On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty's mandate

Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the mean time

Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people."

Then made answer the farmer: — "Perhaps some friendlier purpose
Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in England
By the untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,
And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and children."
"Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said, warmly, the blacksmith,
Shaking his head, as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh, he continued: —
"Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port Royal.
Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts,
Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow.
Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all kinds;

Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and
the scythe of the mower."
Then with a pleasant smile made answer the
jovial farmer: –
"Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our
flocks and our cornfields,
Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by
the ocean,
Than were our fathers in forts, besieged by the
enemy's cannon.
Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no
shadow of sorrow
Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the
night of the contract.
Built are the house and the barn. The merry
lads of the village
Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking
the glebe round about them,
Filled the barn with hay, and the house with
food for a twelvemonth.

René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers
and inkhorn.
Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy
of our children?"
As apart by the window she stood, with her hand
in her lover's,
Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her
father had spoken,
And as they died on his lips the worthy notary
entered.

III.

BENT like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf
of the ocean,
Bent but not broken, by age was the form of the
notary public;
Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the
maize, hung
Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and
glasses with horn bows
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom
supernal.
Father of twenty children was he, and more than
a hundred
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard
his great watch tick.
Four long years in the times of the war had he
languished a captive,

Suffering much in an old French fort as the
friend of the English.

Now, though warier grown, without all guile or
suspicion,

Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple.
and childlike.

He was beloved by all, and most of all by the
children;

For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the
forest,

And of the goblin that came in the night to
water the horses,

And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child
who unchristened

Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the
chambers of children;

And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in
the stable,

And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up
in a nutshell,

And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover and horse-shoes,

With whatsoever else was writ in the law of the village.

Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith,

Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right hand,

"Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast heard the talk in the village,

And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and their errand."

Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary public: —

"Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser;

And what their errand may be I know not better than others.

Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention

Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why
then molest us?"
God's name!" shouted the hasty and somewhat
irascible blacksmith;
"Must we in all things look for the how, and the
why, and the wherefore?
Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of
the strongest!"
But, without heeding his warmth, continued the
notary public: —
"Man is unjust, but God is just, and finally
justice
Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that
often consoled me,
When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at
Port Royal."
This was the old man's favorite tale, and he loved
to repeat it
When his neighbors complained that any injustice
was done them.

"Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,
Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,
And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided
Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people.
Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them.
But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted;
Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the mighty
Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace

That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of justice.
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,
Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the thunder
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand
Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance,
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven."

Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the blacksmith
Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language;
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the vapors
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table,
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of Grand-Pré;
While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and ink-horn,
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties,

Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle.

Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,

And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.

Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table

Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver;

And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and the bridegroom,

Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.

Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed,

While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,

Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.

Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men

Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœuvre,

Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the king-row.

Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,

Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding the moon rise

Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows.

Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,

Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus passed the evening away. Anon the bell from the belfry

Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew and straightway

Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the household.

Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the doorstep

Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.

Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearth-stone,

And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.

Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed.

Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,

Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.

Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.

Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothes-press
Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded
Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.
This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in marriage,
Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a housewife.
Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant moonlight
Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room, till the heart of the maiden
Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the ocean.
Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber!

Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard,
Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp and her shadow.
Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of sadness
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moonlight
Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.
And as she gazed from the window she saw serenely the moon pass
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps,
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar!

IV.

PLEASANTLY rose next morn the sun on the
village of Grand-Pré.
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin
of Minas,
Where the ships, with their wavering shadows,
were riding at anchor.
Life had long been astir in the village, and
clamorous labor
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden
gates of the morning.
Now from the country around, from the farms and
the neighboring hamlets,
Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian
peasants.
Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from
the young folk

Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows,
Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the greensward,
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the highway.
Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor were silenced.
Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups at the house-doors
Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together.
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted;
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,
All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.
Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant:

For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father;
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorless air of the orchard,
Bending with golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated;
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the beehives,
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.

Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played
on his snow-white
Hair as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face
of the fiddler
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown
from the embers.
Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of
his fiddle,
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and *Le Carillon de*
Dunkerque,
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the
music.
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzy-
ing dances
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the
meadows;
Old folk and young together, and children min-
gled among them.
Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Bene-
dict's daughter!

Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith!

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.
Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in the churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the headstones
Garlands of autumn leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.
Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement, —

Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.
Then up rose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.
"You are convened this day," he said, "by his Majesty's orders.
Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness,
Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch;
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds

Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!
Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his Majesty's pleasure!"
As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his windows,
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs,
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their inclosures;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.

Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the doorway.
Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the others
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he shouted, —
"Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance!
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!"

More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;
Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mournful
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock strikes:

"What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized you?
Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you,
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?
Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon you!
See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!
Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive them!'

Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,
Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them!'"
Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded that passionate outbreak;
And they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar.
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded,
Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave Maria
Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion translated,

Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending
to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings
of ill, and on all sides
Wandered, wailing, from house to house the
women and children.
Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with
her right hand
Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun,
that, descending,
Lighted the village street with mysterious splen-
dor, and roofed each
Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and embla-
zoned its windows.
Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth
on the table;
There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fra-
grant with wild flowers;

There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from the dairy;

And at the head of the board the great arm-chair of the farmer.

Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset

Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial meadows.

Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,

And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended, —

Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience!

Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,

Cheering with looks and words the disconsolate hearts of the women,

As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,

Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet
of their children.
Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glim-
mering vapors
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet de-
scending from Sinai.
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus
sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church
Evangeline lingered.
All was silent within; and in vain at the door and
the windows
Stood she, and listened and looked, until, overcome
by emotion,
"Gabriel!" cried she aloud with tremulous voice;
but no answer
Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier
grave of the living.

Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father.

Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board stood the supper untasted,

Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of terror.

Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.

In the dead of the night she heard the whispering rain fall

Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the window.

Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing thunder

Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world he created!

Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of heaven;

Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till morning.

V.

FOUR times the sun had risen and set; and now on the fifth day
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farmhouse.
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the seashore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland.
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen,

While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried there on the sea-beach
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply;
All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,
Echoing far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard.
Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church-doors
Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy procession

Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers.

Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,

Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and way-worn,

So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended

Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their daughters.

Foremost the young men came; and, raising together their voices,

Sang they with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions: —

"Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!

Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!"

Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by the wayside

Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above them
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction, —
Calmly and sadly waited, until the procession approached her,
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,
Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and whispered, —
"Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another,

Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mis-
chances may happen!"
Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly
paused, for her father
Saw she slowly advancing. Alas! how changed
was his aspect!
Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire
from his eye, and his footstep
Heavier seemed with the weight of the weary
heart in his bosom.
But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck
and embraced him,
Speaking words of endearment where words of
comfort availed not.
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that
mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and
stir of embarking.

Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.
So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.
Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight
Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the refluent ocean
Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery seaweed.
Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the wagons,

Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,

All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,

Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.

Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,

Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving

Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.

Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures;

Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from their udders;

Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farmyard, —

Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milkmaid.

Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no Angelus sounded,
Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been kindled,
Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from wrecks in the tempest.
Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered,
Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of children,
Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his parish,
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering,
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate seashore.

Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father,

And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,

Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or emotion,

E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken.

Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him,

Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked not, he spake not,

But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering firelight.

"*Benedicite!*" murmured the priest, in tones of compassion.

More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his accents

Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a threshold,

Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful
presence of sorrow.
Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head
of the maiden,
Raising his eyes, full of tears, to the silent stars
that above them
Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs
and sorrows of mortals.
Then sat he down at her side, and they wept
together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in
autumn the blood-red
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and
o'er the horizon
Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon
mountain and meadow,
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge
shadows together.

Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the roadstead.
Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of a martyr.
Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and, uplifting,
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred house-tops
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on shipboard.
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,

"We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand Pré!"

Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farmyards,

Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of cattle

Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted.

Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encampments

Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraska,

When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the whirlwind,

Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.

Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and the horses

Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed o'er the meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and the maiden
Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before them;
And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion,
Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on the seashore
Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed.
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden
Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom.
Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber;
And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near her,

Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her,

Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.

Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,

Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around her,

And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses.

Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people, —

"Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season

Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,

Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard."

Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the seaside,

Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,

But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand Pré.

And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,

Lo! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast congregation,

Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges.

'T was the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,

With the first dawn of the day came heaving and hurrying landward.

Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking;

And with the ebb of that tide the ships sailed out of the harbor,

Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins

PART THE SECOND

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I.

MANY a weary year had passed since the burning
of Grand-Pré,
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels
departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into
exile,
Exile without an end, and without an example in
story.
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians
landed;
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the
wind from the north-east
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the
Banks of Newfoundland.

Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,

From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannas, —

From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters

Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,

Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.

Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing, heart-broken,

Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside.

Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards.

Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered,

Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.

Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her extended,
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered before her,
Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned,
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine.
Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished;
As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.

Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within her,
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,
She would commence again her endless search and endeavor;
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and tombstones,
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.
Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.
Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and known him,
But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.

"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said they; "O yes! we have seen him.

He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies;

Coureurs-des-Bois are they, and famous hunters and trappers."

"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "O yes! we have seen him.

He is a *Voyageur* in the lowlands of Louisiana."

Then would they say, — "Dear child! why dream and wait for him longer?

Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others

Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal?

Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee

Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be happy!

Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses."

Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly, — "I can not!

Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere.

For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,

Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness."

And thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor,

Said, with a smile, — "O daughter! thy God thus speaketh within thee!

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;

If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning

Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;

That which the fountain sends forth returns again
to the fountain.

Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy
work of affection!

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endur-
ance is godlike.

Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the
heart is made godlike,

Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered
more worthy of heaven!"

Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline
labored and waited.

Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of
the ocean,

But with its sound there was mingled a voice
that whispered, "Despair not!"

Thus did that poor soul wander in want and
cheerless discomfort,

Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns
of existence.

Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's
footsteps;—
Not through each devious path, each changeful
year of existence;
But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course
through the valley:
Far from its margin at times, and seeing the
gleam of its water
Here and there, in some open space, and at
intervals only;
Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan
glooms that conceal it,
Though he behold it not, he can hear its contin-
uous murmur;
Happy, at length, if he find the spot where
it reaches an outlet.

II.

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.
It was a band of exiles: a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked
Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune;
Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hearsay,

Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred farmers
On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.
With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician.
Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with forests,
Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river;
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.
Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plumelike
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,

Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.

Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,

Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,

Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins and dove-cots.

They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,

Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron,

Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.

They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering the Bayou of Plaquemine,

Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,

Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.

Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.
Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons
Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.
Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water,
Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin.
Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around them;

And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness, —

Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be compassed.

As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,

Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,

So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,

Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it.

But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that faintly

Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moonlight.

It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a phantom.

Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before her,

And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and nearer.

Then, in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of the oarsmen,

And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure

Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on his bugle.

Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the blast rang,

Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to the forest.

Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to the music.

Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,

Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches;

But not a voice replied; no answer came from the darkness;

And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.

Then Evangeline slept; but the boatman rowed through the midnight,

Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,

Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers.

And through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of the desert,

Far off, indistinct, as of wave or wind in the forest,

Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from those shades; and before them

Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.

Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations

Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus

Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.

Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,

And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands,

Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,

Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.

Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.

Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,

Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about on the greensward,

Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slumbered.

Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.

Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grape-vine

Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,

On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,

Were the swift humming-birds that flitted from blossom to blossom.

Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it.

Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven

Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer and ever nearer, among the numberless islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water.
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers.
Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and beaver.
At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn.
Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness
Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.
Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.
Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island,

But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmettos,

So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the willows,

And undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were the sleepers;

Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden.

Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the prairie.

After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the distance,

As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden

Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, — "O Father Felician!

Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders.

Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition?

Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit?"

Then, with a blush, she added, — "Alas for my credulous fancy!

Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning."

But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he answered, —

"Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to me without meaning.

Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface

Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.

Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions.

Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the southward,

On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin.

There the long-wandering bride shall be given
again to her bridegroom,
There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and
his sheepfold.
Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests
of fruit-trees;
Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the blu-
est of heavens
Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls
of the forest.
They who dwell there have named it the Eden of
Louisiana."

And with these words of cheer they arose and
continued their journey.
Softly the evening came. The sun from the
western horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er
the landscape;

Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.
Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water.
Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness.
Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling
Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters around her.
Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,

That the whole air and the woods and the waves
seemed silent to listen.
Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then
soaring to madness
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of fren-
zied Bacchantes.
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low
lamentation;
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them
abroad in derision,
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through
the tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower
on the branches.
With such a prelude as this, and hearts that
throbbed with emotion,
Slowly they entered the Tèche, where it flows
though the green Opelousas,
And through the amber air, above the crest of
the woodland,

Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighboring dwelling;—

Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.

III.

NEAR to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks, from whose branches

Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted,

Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-tide,

Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A garden

Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,

Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of timbers

Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.

Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns supported,

Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,
Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,
Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.
Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine
Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself was in shadow,
And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.
In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway

Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,
Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas
Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,
Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grape-vines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the prairie,
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.
Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish sombrero

Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look
of its master.
Round about him were numberless herds of kine,
that were grazing
Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory
freshness
That uprose from the river, and spread itself over
the landscape.
Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and
expanding
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that
resounded
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp
air of the evening.
Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of
the cattle
Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents
of ocean.
Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed
o'er the prairie,

And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the distance.

Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the gate of the garden

Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing to meet him.

Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and forward

Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder;

When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the Blacksmith.

Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.

There in an arbor of roses with endless question and answer

Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly embraces,

Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thoughtful.

Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark doubts and misgivings
Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,
Broke the silence and said, — "If you came by the Atchafalaya,
How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the bayous?"
Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed,
Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous accent, —
"Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face on his shoulder,
All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented.
Then the good Basil said, — and his voice grew blithe as he said it, —
"Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he departed.

Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds
and my horses.
Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled,
his spirit
Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet ex-
istence.
Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful
ever,
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his trou-
bles,
He at length had become so tedious to men and to
maidens,
Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me,
and sent him
Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with
the Spaniards.
Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the
Ozark Mountains,
Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping
the beaver.

Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugitive lover;
He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are against him.
Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the morning
We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the river,
Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the fiddler.
Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on Olympus,
Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.
Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.

"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian minstrel!"

As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and straightway

Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old man

Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, enraptured,

Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips,

Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and daughters.

Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the cidevant blacksmith,

All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal demeanor;

Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate,

And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who would take them;

Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would
go and do likewise.
Thus they ascended the steps and, crossing the
airy veranda,
Entered the hall of the house, where already the
supper of Basil
Waited his late return; and they rested and
feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness de-
scended.
All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape
with silver,
Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars; but
within doors,
Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in
the glimmering lamplight.
Then from his station aloft, at the head of the
table, the herdsman

Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion.

Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches tobacco,

Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they listened: —

"Welcome once more, my friends, who so long have been friendless and homeless,

Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance than the old one!

Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers;

Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer.

Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil as a keel through the water.

All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom; and grass grows

More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.

Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the prairies;
Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber
With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into houses.
After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with harvests,
No King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads,
Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your cattle."
Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his nostrils,
And his huge, brawny hand came thundering down on the table,
So that the guests all started; and Father Felician, astounded,
Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way to his nostrils.

But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder and gayer: —

"Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever!

For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate,

Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck in a nutshell!"

Then there were voices heard at the door, and footsteps approaching

Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy veranda.

It was the neighboring Creoles and small Acadian planters,

Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the Herdsman.

Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbors:

Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who before were as strangers,

Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each other,
Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together.
But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, proceeding
From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious fiddle,
Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted,
All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the maddening
Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to the music,
Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering garments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and the herdsman

Sat, conversing together of past and present and future;

While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her

Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music

Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness

Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the garden.

Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,

Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river

Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the moonlight,

Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit.

Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden

Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and confessions
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night-dews,
Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight
Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,
As, through the garden gate, beneath the brown shade of the oak-trees,
Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie.
Silent it lay with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers.
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,

Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,

Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,

As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, "Upharsin."

And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-flies,

Wandered alone, and she cried, — "O Gabriel! O my belovèd!

Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?

Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?

Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!

Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me!

Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,

Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me
in thy slumbers!
When shall these eyes behold, these arms be
folded about thee?"
Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoor-
will sounded
Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the
neighboring thickets,
Farther and farther away it floated and dropped
into silence.
"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular
caverns of darkness;
And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded,
"To-morrow!"

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers
of the garden
Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and
anointed his tresses

With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal.

"Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy threshold;

"See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting and famine,

And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the bridegroom was coming."

"Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling, with Basil descended

Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already were waiting.

Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine, and gladness,

Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding before them,

Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert.

Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded,

Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or river,
Nor, after many days, had they found him; but vague and uncertain
Rumors alone were their guides through a wild and desolate country;
Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,
Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the garrulous landlord,
That on the day before, with horses and guides and companions,
Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.

IV.

FAR in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits.
Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a gateway,
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon,
Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and Owyhee.
Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river Mountains,
Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the Nebraska;
And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish Sierras,

Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert,

Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean,

Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.

Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful prairies,

Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,

Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.

Over them wander the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roebuck;

Over them wander the wolves, and herds of riderless horses;

Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel;

Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,

Staining the desert with blood; and above their terrible war-trails
Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.
Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage marauders;
Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running rivers;
And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert,
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brook-side,
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Mountains,
Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers behind him.
Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden and Basil
Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to o'ertake him.
Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke of his camp-fire
Rise in the morning air from the distant plain; but at nightfall,
When they had reached the place, they found only embers and ashes.
And, though their hearts were sad at times and their bodies were weary,
Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fate Morgana
Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and vanished before them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently entered
Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose features
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her sorrow.
She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her people,
From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Camanches,
Where her Canadian husband, a Coureur-des-Bois, had been murdered.
Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and friendliest welcome
Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted among them
On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on the embers.
But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his companions,

Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer and the bison,
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the quivering firelight
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped up in their blankets,
Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian accent,
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and reverses.
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that another
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been disappointed.
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's compassion,
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near her,

She in turn related her love and all its disasters.

Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had ended

Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious horror

Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale of the Mowis;

Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a maiden,

But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the wigwam,

Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,

Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the forest.

Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird incantation,

Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed by a phantom,

That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush of the twilight,
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the maiden,
Till she followed his green and waving plume through the forest,
And never more returned, nor was seen again by her people.
Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline listened
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around her
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the enchantress.
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon rose,
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendor
Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and filling the woodland.

With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the branches
Swayed and sighed overnead in scarcely audible whispers.
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart, but a secret,
Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the swallow.
It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits
Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a moment
That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a phantom.
And with this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed; and the Shawnee
Said, as they journeyed along, — "On the western slope of these mountains
Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the Mission.
Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus;
Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they hear him."
Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline answered, —
"Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us!"
Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a spur of the mountains,
Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,
And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,

Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the
Jesuit Mission.
Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of
the village,
Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A
crucifix fastened
High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed
by grape-vines,
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude
kneeling beneath it.
This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the
intricate arches
Of its aërial roof, arose the chant of their ves-
pers,
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs
of the branches.
Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer
approaching,
Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the
evening devotions

But when the service was done, and the benediction had fallen
Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands of the sower,
Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and bade them
Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant expression,
Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the forest,
And with words of kindness conducted them into his wigwam.
There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of the maize-ear
Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the teacher.
Soon was their story told; and the priest with solemnity answered: —
"Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated

On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes,
Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued his journey!"
Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent of kindness;
But on Evangeline's heart fell his words as in winter the snow-flakes
Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.
"Far to the north he has gone," continued the priest; "but in autumn,
When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission."
Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submissive,—
"Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted."
So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on the morrow,

Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and companions,
Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other,—
Days and weeks and months; and the fields of maize that were springing
Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now waving above her,
Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and forming
Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged by squirrels.
Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the maidens
Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover,

But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the corn-field.

Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her lover.

"Patience!" the priest would say; "have faith, and thy prayer will be answered!

Look at this delicate plant that lifts its head from the meadow,

See how its leaves all point to the north, as true as the magnet;

It is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has suspended

Here on its fragile stalk, to direct the traveller's journey

Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.

Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,

Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance,

But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odor is deadly.
Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter
Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the dews of nepenthe."

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter, — yet Gabriel came not;
Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin and blue-bird
Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel came not.
But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor was wafted
Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blossom.
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,

Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw river.

And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence,

Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission.

When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,

She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests,

Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin!

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places

Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden;—

Now in the tents of grace of the meek Moravian Missions,

Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.
Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.
Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey;
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead,
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

V.

IN that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,
And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they molested.
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.

There old René Leblanc had died; and when he departed,
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.
Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the city,
Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer a stranger;
And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers,
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters.
So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavor,
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and her footsteps.

As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning
Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,
Sun-illumined, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below her,
Dark, no longer, but all illumined with love; and the pathway
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the distance.
Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,
Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and absence.
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.

Over him years had no power; he was not changed, but transfigured;

He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not absent;

Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,

This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.

So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,

Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma.

Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow

Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.

Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy; frequenting

Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,

Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight,

Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.

Night after night, when the world was asleep, as the watchman repeated

Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city,

High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.

Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the suburbs

Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the market,

Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,

Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,

Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their craws but an acorn.

And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,

Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in the meadow,

So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin,

Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of existence.

Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the oppressor;

But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger; —

Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,

Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.

Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and woodlands; —

Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gateway and wicket

Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem to echo

Softly the words of the Lord: — "The poor ye always have with you."

Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The dying

Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there

Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,

Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,

Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.

Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,

Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and silent,
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the garden;
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty.
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east wind,
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church,
While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted

Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes
in their church at Wicaco.
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour
on her spirit;
Something within her said, — "At length thy
trials are ended";
And, with light in her looks, she entered the
chambers of sickness.
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful
attendants,
Moistening the fever-sn lip, and the aching brow,
and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and con-
cealing their faces,
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of
snow by the roadside.
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline
entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she
passed, for her presence

Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.
And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night-time;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.

Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,

That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.

On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.

Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples;

But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment

Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood;

So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.

Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,

As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,

That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.

Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,
Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking.
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood;
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their shadow,

As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.

Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,

Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.

Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered

Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.

Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,

Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.

Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,

As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father, I thank thee!"

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from its shadow,
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.

Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and forever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labors,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile

Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.

In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy;

Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,

And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,

While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced neighboring ocean

Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

NOTES.

NOTES.

THE following detail of the facts on which the general incidents of the Poem of EVANGELINE are founded, is derived from Haliburton's History of Nova Scotia.

By the Treaty of Utrecht the Province of Acadia, or Nova Scotia, was ceded by the French to the English Government. Nearly half a century, however, was suffered to elapse before any progress was made towards a regular settlement of the colony. In the year 1749 a large body of emigrants, aided by a grant from the Crown, arrived in the colony, and immediately steps were taken by them to clear the ground, and lay the foundation of the town of Halifax. The French settlers, who had been located in the province for many years, looked with jealousy on these proceedings, and parties of Indians, headed by French commanders, were engaged to harass the new comers. This state of things continued for some years, but in the meantime the territorial rights of both nations were more distinctly defined, and the Acadians took an oath of fidelity to the British Government; with a reservation, however, that they

were not to be called upon to bear arms. Hostilities again commencing between the French and English, Governor Cornwallis, by the advice of his council, issued a proclamation, ordering all the French inhabitants of the English colony to appear within three months, and take the oath of allegiance in the same unreserved and unqualified manner as British subjects; and he held out promises to those who should think proper to accept the same, and who would also engage to obey all future orders of the Government, and render assistance to English settlers, that he would confirm them in the peaceable possession of all their cultivated lands, and in the enjoyment of their religion. He forbade, however, the exportation of corn, cattle, and provisions, to foreign settlements.

Pursuant to the proclamation, deputies arrived at Halifax from several of the French settlements, and were informed by the Governor that the oath of fidelity, formerly accepted of them, would no longer be received as a satisfactory guarantee for their good conduct; that no exemption from bearing arms in time of war could be allowed; that his Majesty would permit none to possess lands whose allegiance and assistance could not be depended upon; and that commissioners would be sent to the country to tender them the oath expressed in the same form as that used by English subjects. To this they replied, that if they should undertake to aid the English in

suppressing the Indians, the savages would pursue them with unrelenting hostility; that neither they nor their property would be secure from their vengeance; and that to bear arms against their countrymen was a condition repugnant to the feelings of human nature: they, therefore, requested to be informed, if they chose the alternative of quitting the country, whether they would be permitted to sell their lands and personal effects. They were told in reply, that, by the Treaty of Utrecht, one year was allowed to them for disposing of their property, which period having elapsed, they could now neither part with their effects nor remove from the province. Upon hearing this determination, which required unconditional allegiance, or reduced them to the most abject poverty, they solicited leave to consult the Governors of Canada or Cape Breton as to the course they ought to adopt in this trying emergency, but were instantly threatened with the confiscation of their real estate and effects if they presumed to leave the province until they had first taken the oaths of allegiance.

No immediate steps, however, were taken to carry out this threat, and the English settlers still continued to suffer great annoyance from the predatory attacks of the Indians, who were aided in their excursions by the French colonists. This state of things lasted for some time, until at length the English troops met with a series of reverses, when it was

finally determined by the Government authorities to effect a dislodgment of the Acadians from their settlements, and to disperse the entire French population of the province among the British colonies, where they could not unite in any offensive measures, and where they might be naturalized to the Government and country.

The execution of this unusual and general sentence was allotted chiefly to the New England forces, the commander of which, from the humanity and firmness of his character, was well qualified to carry it into effect. It was without doubt, as he himself declared, disagreeable to his natural make and temper, and his principles of implicit obedience as a soldier were put to a severe test by this ungrateful kind of duty, which required an ungenerous, cunning, and subtle severity, calculated to render the Acadians subservient to the English interests to the latest hour. They were kept entirely ignorant of their destiny, until the moment of their captivity; and were overawed, or allured, to labor at the gathering in of their harvest, which was secretly allotted to the use of their conquerors.

The orders from Lieutenant-Governor Laurence to Captain Murray, who was first on the station, with a plagiarism of the language, without the spirit of Scripture, directed that, if these people behaved amiss, they should be punished at his discretion; and, if any attempts were made to destroy or molest

the troops, he should take an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth; and, in short, life for life, from the nearest neighbor where the mischief should be performed.

To hunt these people into captivity was a measure as impracticable as cruel; and, as it was not to be supposed they would voluntarily surrender themselves as prisoners, their subjugation became a matter of great difficulty. At a consultation held between Colonel Winslow and Captain Murray, it was agreed that a proclamation should be issued at the different settlements, requiring the attendance of the people at the respective ports on the same day; which proclamation should be so ambiguous in its nature, that the object for which they were to assemble could not be discerned; and so peremptory in its terms as to ensure implicit obedience. This instrument having been drafted and approved, was distributed according to the original plan. That which was addressed to the people inhabiting the country now comprised within the limits of King's County, was as follows: —

"TO THE INHABITANTS OF THE DISTRICT OF GRAND PRÉ, MINAS, RIVER CANARD, &c., AS WELL ANCIENT AS YOUNG MEN AND LADS.

"Whereas his Excellency the Governor has instructed us of his late resolution respecting the matter proposed to the inhabitants, and has ordered us

to communicate the same in person, his Excellency being desirous that each of them should be fully satisfied of his Majesty's intentions, which he has also ordered us to communicate to you, such as they have been given to him; we therefore order and strictly enjoin, by these presents, all of the inhabitants, as well of the above-named district as of all the other districts, both old men and young men, as well as all the lads of ten years of age, to attend at the church at Grand Pré, on Friday, the fifth instant, at three of the clock in the afternoon, that we may impart to them what we are ordered to communicate to them; declaring that no excuse will be admitted on any pretence whatever, on pain of forfeiting goods and chattels, in default of real estate.

"Given at Grand Pré, 2nd September, 1755, and 29th year of his Majesty's reign.

"JOHN WINSLOW."

In obedience to this summons, four hundred and eighteen able-bodied men assembled. These being shut into the church (for that, too, had become an arsenal), Colonel Winslow placed himself with his officers in the centre, and addressed them thus:

"Gentlemen, — I have received from his Excellency Governor Laurence the King's commission, which I have in my hand; and by his orders you are convened together to manifest to you his Majesty's final resolution to the French inhabitants of this his

province of Nova Scotia, who, for almost half a century, have had more indulgence granted them than any of his subjects in any part of his dominions; what use you have made of it, you yourselves best know. The part of duty I am now upon, though necessary, is very disagreeable to my natural make and temper, as I know it must be grievous to you who are of the same species; but it is not my business to animadvert, but to obey such orders as I receive, and, therefore, without hesitation shall deliver you his Majesty's orders and instructions, namely, that your lands and tenements, cattle of all kinds, and live stock of all sorts, are forfeited to the Crown, with all other your effects, saving your money and household goods, and you yourselves to be removed from this his province.

"Thus it is peremptorily his Majesty's orders that the whole French inhabitants of these districts be removed; and I am, through his Majesty's goodness, directed to allow you liberty to carry off your money and household goods, as many as you can, without discommoding the vessels you go in. I shall do everything in my power that all those goods be secured to you, and that you are not molested in carrying them off; also that whole families shall go in the same vessel, and make this remove, which I am sensible must give you a great deal of trouble, as easy as his Majesty's service will admit; and hope that, in whatever part of the world you may fall, you

may be faithful subjects, a peaceful and happy people. I must also inform you, that it is his Majesty's pleasure that you remain in security, under the inspection and direction of the troops that I have the honor to command." And he then declared them the King's prisoners.

The whole number of persons collected at Grand Pré finally amounted to four hundred and eighty-three men, and three hundred and thirty-seven women, heads of families; and their sons and daughters to five hundred and twenty-seven of the former, and five hundred and twenty-six of the latter; making, in the whole, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-three souls. Their stock consisted of one thousand two hundred and sixty-nine oxen, one thousand five hundred and fifty-seven cows, five thousand and seven young cattle, four hundred and ninety-three horses, eight thousand six hundred and ninety sheep, and four thousand one hundred and ninety-seven hogs. As some of these wretched inhabitants escaped to the woods, all possible measures were adopted to force them back to captivity. The country was laid waste to prevent their subsistence. In the district of Minas alone there were destroyed two hundred and fifty-five houses, two hundred and seventy-six barns, one hundred and fifty-five out-houses, eleven mills, and one church; and the friends of those who refused to surrender were threatened as the victims of their obstinacy.

In short, so operative were the terrors that surrounded them, that of twenty-four young men, deserted from a transport, twenty-two were glad to return of themselves, the others being shot by sentinels; and one of their friends, who was supposed to have been accessory to their escape, was carried on shore to behold the destruction of his house and effects, which were burned in his presence as a punishment for his temerity and perfidious aid to his comrades. The prisoners expressed the greatest concern at having incurred his Majesty's displeasure, and in petition, addressed to Colonel Winslow, entreated him to detain a part of them as sureties for the appearance of the rest, who were desirous of visiting their families and consoling them in their distress and misfortunes.

To comply with this request of holding a few as hostages for the surrender of the whole body, was deemed inconsistent with his instructions; but, as there could be no objection to allow a small number of them to return to their homes, permission was given to them to choose ten for the district of Minas (Horton), and ten for the district of Canard (Cornwallis), to whom leave of absence was given for one day; and on whose return a similar number were indulged in the same manner. They bore their confinement and received their sentence with a fortitude and resignation altogether unexpected; but when the hour of embarkation arrived, in which they were

to leave the land of their nativity for ever — to part with their friends and relatives, without the hope of ever seeing them again, and to be dispersed among strangers whose language, customs, and religion were opposed to their own — the weakness of human nature prevailed, and they were overpowered with the sense of their miseries. The preparations having been all completed, the 10th of September was fixed upon as the day of departure. The prisoners were drawn up six deep, and the young men, one hundred and sixty-one in number, were ordered to go first on board the vessels. This they instantly and peremptorily refused to do, declaring they would not leave their parents; but expressed a willingness to comply with the order, provided they were permitted to embark with their families. This request was immediately rejected, and the troops were ordered to fix bayonets and advance toward the prisoners, a motion which had the effect of producing obedience on the part of the young men, who forthwith commenced their march. The road from the chapel to the shore, just one mile in length, was crowded with women and children, who on their knees greeted them as they passed with their tears and their blessings; while the prisoners advanced with slow and reluctant steps, weeping, praying, and singing hymns. This detachment was followed by the seniors, who passed through the same scene of sorrow and distress. In this manner was the whole

part of the male population of the district of Minas put on board the five transports stationed in the river Gaspereau; each vessel being guarded by six non-commissioned officers, and eighty privates. As soon as the other vessels arrived, their wives and children followed, and the whole were transported from Nova Scotia.

The haste with which these measures were carried into execution did not admit of those preparations for their comfort which, if unmerited by their disloyalty, were at least due in pity to the severity of their punishment. The hurry, confusion, and excitement connected with the embarkation had scarcely subsided, when the provincials were appalled at the work of their own hands. The novelty and peculiarity of their situation could not but force itself upon the attention of even the unreflecting soldiery. Stationed in the midst of a beautiful and fertile country, they suddenly found themselves without a foe to subdue, and without a population to protect. The volumes of smoke which the half-expiring embers emitted, while they marked the site of the peasant's humble cottage, bore testimony to the extent of the work of destruction. For several successive evenings the cattle assembled round the smouldering ruins, as if in anxious expectation of the return of their masters; while all night long the faithful watch-dogs of the neutrals howled over the scene of deso-

lation, and mourned alike the hand that had fed and the house that had sheltered them.

At Annapolis and Cumberland the proclamation was disobeyed by the French, in consequence of an apprehension that they were to be imprisoned or sent captives to Halifax. At the former place, when the ships arrived to convey them from their country, a party of soldiers was despatched up the river to bring them in by force; but they found the houses deserted, and learned that the people had fled to the woods, carrying with them their wives and children. Hunger, fatigue, and distress finally compelled many of them to return and surrender themselves as prisoners, while some retired to the depths of the forest, where they encamped with the Indians, and others wandered through the woods to Chiegnecto, from whence they escaped to Canada. In Cumberland it was found necessary to resort to the most severe measures, and the country presented for several days a dreadful scene of conflagration. Two hundred and fifty-three houses were on fire at one time, in which a great quantity of wheat and flax were consumed. The miserable inhabitants beheld, from the adjoining woods, the destruction of their buildings and household goods with horror and dismay; nor did they venture to offer any resistance, until the wanton attempt was made to burn their chapel. This they considered as adding insult to injury, and rushing upon the party, who were too intent upon

the execution of their orders to observe the necessary precautions to prevent a surprise, they killed and wounded twenty-nine rank and file, and then retreated again to the cover of the forest. As the different Acadian settlements were too widely dispersed to admit of the plan of subjugation being carried into effect at once, and as it had but partially succeeded at two of the most populous districts, only seven thousand of the inhabitants were collected at this time, and dispersed among the several British colonies. One thousand arrived in Massachusetts Bay, and became a public expense, owing, in a great degree, to an unchangeable antipathy to their situation; which prompted them to reject the usual beneficiary but humiliating establishment of paupers for their children. They landed in a most deplorable condition at Philadelphia. The government of the colony, to relieve itself of the charge such a company of miserable wretches would require to maintain them, proposed to sell them, with their own consent; but when this expedient for their support was offered for their consideration, the neutrals refused it with indignation, alleging that they were prisoners, and expected to be maintained as such, and not forced to labor. But, notwithstanding the severity of the treatment the Acadians had experienced, they sighed in exile to revisit their native land. That portion of them which had been sent to Georgia actually set out on their return, and by a circuitous, hazardous,

and laborious coasting voyage, had reached New York, and even Boston, when they were met by orders from Governor Laurence, for their detention, and were compelled to relinquish their design. The others, denying the charges which had been made against them, petitioned his Majesty for a legal hearing.

This petition, which Haliburton gives at full length, sets forth, that by an agreement made between the British commanders in Nova Scotia and the forefathers of the petitioners, about the year 1713, the latter were to be permitted to remain in possession of their lands under an oath of fidelity to the British Government, with an exemption from bearing arms against either French or Indians, and with the allowance of the free exercise of their religion. Seventeen years later this agreement was renewed on the part of the British authorities by the Governor of New England; and again, after the expiration of another seventeen years, in a declaration which the same Governor addressed to the Acadians, in answer to a report at that time current, which stated it to be the intention of the British Government to remove the French inhabitants of Nova Scotia from their settlements in that province. This declaration was further confirmed by a letter written in the same year by the chief commander in Nova Scotia to the Acadian deputies; an extract from which was given by the Acadians in their petition.

After stating the difficulties in which they found themselves placed by the frequent incursions made by the French through that portion of the province inhabited by the Acadian population, for the purpose of annoying the English, who were at that time engaged in fortifying and settling Halifax, the petitioners proceed to reply to what appears to have been the main charges made against them, and on the presumed truth of which their forcible removal from the province took place. The justification they plead is as follows: —

"We were likewise obliged to comply with the demand of the enemy, made for the provision, cattle, etc., upon pain of military execution, which we had reason to believe the Government was made sensible was not an act of choice on our part, but of necessity, as those in authority appeared to take in good part the representations we always made to them after anything of that nature had happened.

"Notwithstanding the many difficulties we thus labored under, yet we dare appeal to the several Governors, both at Halifax and Annapolis-Royal, for testimonies of our being always ready and willing to obey their orders, and give all the assistance in our power, either in furnishing provisions and materials, or making roads, building forts, etc., agreeable to your Majesty's orders and our oath of fidelity, whensoever called upon, or required thereunto.

"It was also our constant care to give notice to your Majesty's commanders of the danger they have been from time to time exposed to by the enemy's troops; and had the intelligence we gave been always attended to, many lives might have been spared, particularly in the unhappy affair which befell Major Noble and his brother at Grand Pré, when they, with great numbers of their men, were cut off by the enemy, notwithstanding the frequent advices we had given them of the danger they were in; and yet we have been very unjustly accused as parties in that massacre.

"And although we have been thus anxiously concerned to manifest our fidelity in these several respects, yet it has been falsely insinuated that it had been our general practice to abet and support your Majesty's enemies; but we trust that your Majesty will not suffer suspicions and accusations to be received as proofs sufficient to reduce some thousands of innocent people, from the most happy situation to a state of the greatest distress and misery! No, this was far from our thoughts; we esteemed our situation so happy as by no means to desire a change. We have always desired, and again desire, that we may be permitted to answer our accusers in a judicial way. In the meantime permit us, Sir, here solemnly to declare that these accusations are utterly false and groundless so far as they concern us as a collective body of people. It hath been always

our desire to live as our fathers have done, as faithful subjects under your Majesty's royal protection, with an unfeigned resolution to maintain our oath of fidelity to the utmost of our power. Yet it cannot be expected, but that amongst us, as well as amongst other people, there have been some weak and false-hearted persons, susceptible of being bribed by the enemy so as to break the oath of fidelity. Twelve of these were outlawed in Governor Shirley's proclamation before mentioned; but it will be found that the number of such false-hearted men amongst us was very few, considering our situation, the number of inhabitants, and how we stood circumstanced in several respects, and it may be easily made appear that it was the constant care of our deputies to prevent and put a stop to such wicked conduct, when it came to their knowledge."

This memorial had not the effect of procuring them redress, and they were left to undergo their punishment in exile, and to mingle with the population among whom they were distributed, with the hope that in time their language, predilections, and even the recollection of their origin, would be lost amidst the mass of English people with whom they were incorporated. Such was the fate of these unfortunate and deluded people. Upon an impartial review of the transactions of this period, it must be admitted, that the transportation of the Acadians to distant colonies, with all the marks of ignomy and guilt

peculiar to convicts, was cruel; and although such a conclusion could not then be drawn, yet subsequent events have disclosed that their expulsion was unnecessary. It seems totally irreconcilable with the idea, as at this day entertained of justice, that those who are not involved in the guilt shall participate in the punishment; or that a whole community shall suffer for the misconduct of a part. It is, doubtless, a stain on the Provincial Councils, and we shall not attempt to justify that which all good men have agreed to condemn. But we must not lose sight of the offence in pity for the culprits, nor, in the indulgence of our indignation, forget that although nothing can be offered in defence, much may be produced in palliation of this transaction. Had the milder sentence of unrestricted exile been passed upon them, it was obvious that it would have had the effect of recruiting the strength of Canada, and that they would naturally have engaged in those attempts which the French were constantly making for the recovery of the province.

Three hundred of them had been found in arms at one time; and no doubt existed of others having advised and assisted the Indians in those numerous acts of hostility, which, at that time, totally interrupted the settlement of the country. When all were thus suspected of being disaffected, and many were detected in open rebellion, what confidence could be placed in their future loyalty?

It was also deemed impracticable, in those days of religious rancor, for the English colonists to mingle in the same community with Frenchmen and Catholics. Those persons who are acquainted with the early history of the neighboring colonies of New England, will easily perceive of what magnitude this objection must have appeared at that period. Amidst all these difficulties, surrounded by a vigilant and powerful enemy, and burdened with a population whose attachment was more than doubtful, what course could the Governor adopt, which, while it ensured the tranquillity of the colony, should temper justice with mercy to those misguided people? With the knowledge we now possess of the issue of a contest which was then extremely uncertain, it might not be difficult to point to the measures which should have been adopted; but we must admit, that the choice was attended with circumstances of peculiar embarrassment. If the Acadians, therefore, had to lament that they were condemned unheard, that their accusers were also their judges, and that their sentence was disproportioned to their offence; they had also much reason to attribute their misfortunes to the intrigues of their countrymen in Canada, who seduced them from their allegiance to a government which was disposed to extend to them its protection and regard, and instigated them to a rebellion which it was easy to foresee would end in their ruin.

Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dikes that the hands of the farmer had raised with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides. — PAGE 4.

"Hunting and fishing gave way to agriculture, which had been established in the marshes and lowlands, by repelling, with dikes, the sea and rivers which covered these plains. At the same time these immense meadows were covered with numerous flocks." — *Haliburton.*

But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;
There the richest were poor, and the poorest lived in abundance. — PAGE 7.

"Real misery was wholly unknown, and benevolence anticipated the demands of poverty. Every misfortune was relieved, as it were, before it could be felt, without ostentation on the one hand, and without meanness on the other. It was, in short, a society of brethren." — *Abbé Reynal.*

Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the village

Strongly have built them and well; and breaking the glebe round about them,
Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelvemonth. — PAGE 29.

"As soon as a young man arrived at the proper age, the community built him a house, broke up the land about it, and supplied him with all the necessaries of life for a twelvemonth. There he received the partner whom he had chosen, and who brought him her portion in flocks." — *Abbé Reynal.*

Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a captive,
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English. — PAGE 30.

"René Leblanc (our public notary) was taken prisoner by the Indians when actually travelling in your Majesty's service, his house pillaged, and himself carried to the French fort, from whence he did not recover his liberty, but with great difficulty, after four years' captivity." — *Petition of the Acadians to the King.*

In the confusion,
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties. — PAGE 62.

"Parents were separated from children, and husbands from wives, some of whom have not to this day met again; and we were so crowded in the transport vessels, that we had not room even for all our bodies to lay down at once, and, consequently, were prevented from carrying with us proper necessaries, especially for the support and comfort of the aged and weak, many of whom quickly ended their misery with their lives." — *Petition of the Acadians to the King.*

Many, despairing, heart-broken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside.
Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards. — PAGE 80.

"We have already seen, in this province of Pennsylvania, two hundred and fifty of our people, which is more than half the number that were landed here, perish through misery and various diseases." — *Petition of the Acadians to the King.*

There old René Leblanc had died; and when he departed,
Saw at his side only one of his hundred descendants.
— PAGE 142.

"René Leblanc, the notary-public before mentioned, was seized, confined, and brought away among

the rest of the people, *and his family, consisting of twenty children and about one hundred and fifty grandchildren, were scattered in different colonies, so that he was put on shore at New York, with only his wife and youngest children*, in an infirm state of health, from whence he joined three more of his children at Philadelphia, where he died without any more notice being taken of him than any of us, notwithstanding his many years' labor and deep sufferings for your Majesty's service." — *Petition of the Acadians to the King.*

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